Trope: Fake Date (Hannigram AU)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will's possible promotion is relying on his superiors thinking better of him. One way to do that is to take his omega to the upcoming cocktail party. Only problem is, he doesn't have one, having to rely on one sent by an agency. He wasn't quite expecting Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

For SummertimeSlick prompt: Favourite Trope

Will cursed as he undid the tie and tried again.

How was it this damn hard to tie a tie?

It wasn't the tie getting him this flustered he knew, it was the event itself. He wasn't an idiot, he knew that these kind of gatherings informed decisions within Quantico. If he could make a good impression, he might get the departmental promotion he had his eye on. Get to set some of the course materials for the trainees and throw out some of the outdated bullshit the old school dinosaurs had them learning.

Of course, that attitude was one of the things that had held him back already, he was aware.

The only one amongst them with any sense was Jack Crawford, but he only had so much input into the actual training. Though Will did appreciate the advice his fellow alpha had given.

The main points being - don't be an asshole, drop the attitude, give a good impression and, yeah, don't be an asshole. He'd then jokingly suggested, before then seriously suggesting it, that the best way for Will to achieve all these things is to bring along his mate to the annual Trainee Dinner. Let people see the other, less abrasive side of him.

Will had huffed and nodded.

There was only one problem with that. He didn't have a mate, and with three weeks to go at that point, didn't think he'd really have time to find one. Not one that didn't hate him by the time they rolled up to the cocktail party.

And now on the night of the event, already flustered about going at all, and not being able to tie a fucking tie, Will anxiously awaited the arrival of the omega from the agency he'd

contacted.

Some pretty little thing that was going to hang off his arm and laugh at his jokes. The kind of simpering omega that all the old farts would look at and see him all the better for it. The idea riled him up. Not least because he hated their expectations of what an omega should be and really didn't want to buy into it. But he had to focus on the good he could do with the position if he got the promotion and worry about the rest later.

Maybe the omega knew how to tie a tie?

Will felt like shit for forgetting her name for a moment and then recalled it, Alana Bloom. Great start that he couldn't even remember the name of the date who was meant to be his mate.

Will huffed a sigh. At least it was a top notch agency. Discreet. And all those registered with it were professionals in similar positions to himself - just wanting a date for the night and not wanting to go to the trouble of actually dating. So it should be fairly civilised.

It said Bloom was a doctor of psychology on her profile, so at least they'd have things to talk about. Though he was already wincing about having to fill her in on the fact that he might need her to behave like a stereotypical 50s house omega.

Will groaned at the thought. This was going to be a horrible night for Doctor Bloom and he was a real shit for doing this. Which already negated Jack's main point of not being an asshole right off the bat.

He took a breath and let go of his tie the moment he heard a knock at the door.

Will started trying to put together the explantation in his head and hope that she didn't just turn and go.

He opened the door, and blinked.

"Good evening," the omega's smooth tone was pleasant in that practiced way some more charming omegas had. And yet Will was instantly unimpressed.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Will remembered his profile as it was the one the system kept matching him as a 100% match for and Will kept clicking for it to be unmatched.

One look at the man's profile had told him that he, a Louisiana boy from the bayou and ex beat cop turned Quantico trainer, had absolutely nothing in common with ex-surgeon, psychiatrist Count Hannibal Lecter VIII.

"What the-" Will started but before he could curse, Lecter interrupted.

"May I come in?"

Will blinked again, wondering if his mind was playing tricks on him. Had he somehow managed to select rather than delete this pretentious prig's profile?

"Where… what…" Will started.

Lecter smiled gently, like someone humouring a child, and began to explain as though Will were stupid. "Doctor Bloom has withdrawn her profile from the agency. As is standard they rematched you with the profile that your profile scored the highest with. I'm sure they already explained all this to you."

Will glared at the man.

"I'm sure if the agency had been in touch with me I wouldn't be wondering why someone whose profile I declined several times is standing on my porch!" Will growled back.

Lecter's smile grew lopsided and again Will felt like he was just being humoured.

"Can I come in?" The omega asked politely.

Will wanted to shut the door in his face, but it wasn't exactly like he had many options. Especially as he'd already told several people that, yes he would be bringing his omega, when they had pressed.

This whole thing was clearly going to be a complete nightmare.

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Will tried to ignore the omega, and the way his scent filled Will's space almost immediately, as he continued to get ready.

He couldn't help but notice out the corner of his eye the man wandering around. He'd told Lecter he could sit, and yet there he was wandering and looking at his stuff. Inspecting the place. Probably judging every single possession and finding it wanting.

Will couldn't help letting out a huff.

"Do you need assistance?" The cool words were crooned as the omega was suddenly behind him.

Will turned with a frown, only for Lecter to take hold of the tie, untie the mess Will had made and retie it perfectly. He looked directly into Will's eyes as he slid the knot up to the collar.

Will swallowed.

Okay, so he couldn't deny the man was incredibly attractive. Even more so in person, with his calming presence and deft hands. The barely there cologne seemed to enhance the omega's scent rather than mask it, and this close it added to Will's compliance.

"So, where are you taking me?" The omega purred the words and Will practically felt the vibration of his tone in his balls. He inwardly cursed himself and tried to push aside any

attraction that seemed to be sparking here.

Sure they were a match according to the computer, but reading the man's snooty profile had convinced Will of the fallibility of algorithms. There was no way they could have anything in common, or any sort of compatibility regardless of what the computer said. And Will clung hard to that thought as he ignored how delicious the omega's scent was and how his very presence sent a chill through his core.

"I have uh… a work thing. It's one of those boring, stuck up socials where everyone is expected to kiss ass. Especially if there is a promotion currently on the line." Will grumbled, not meaning to say quite so much, but then figuring it was probably best to make Lecter completely aware of what was at stake for Will.

"I see. A promotion that might be in grasp if one were to present themselves as a committed young alpha with a doting omega at home." Lecter's lips twitched into a slight smile as he spoke and finished knotting the tie.

He brushed his hands down Will's lapels before looking back to him.

And all Will could think to respond was, "I'm not that young…"

Lecter let out a light chuckle in response.

"No, you're not." The omega agreed, and there was something in his tone that Will could only describe as predatory.

"But yeah," Will continued, turning away and hoping to break some of the tension he felt between them. "I will look a better prospect with a date. Which is ridiculous and not something I'd normally stoop to, but I know I can make a real difference. The cadet training has been terrible the last few years and I've had no power to change that. This promotion wouldn't just benefit me, but all the trainees coming through these classes."

Will didn't realise how passionately he'd spoken until he turned, and found Hannibal stood close behind him, wearing the slightest of determined expressions. One that told Will that this was an omega who enjoyed a passionate alpha.

Will swallowed and took a step back.

"So, yeah. We should get going. We can… talk more on the drive over. Get to know the pertinent things."

"Place of birth and middle name, that sort of thing? Favourite flavour gelato?" Lecter teased lightly, taking a step towards Will and closing the space between them again.

"Something like that," Will agreed, not able to stop himself from looking at Hannibal's lips and back up again to his eyes. His expressions were so subtle and yet Will seemed to be able to read every single one. And right now there was a clear challenge.

Lecter was clearly very happy with the computer's match. Will tried not to be flattered. Tried not to keep looking back to the omega's mouth and wondering how soft his lips were.

Will cleared his throat, “We should head off.”

Lecter smirked and took Will’s arm without it being offered, so that Will could lead them out to his car.

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“Will!”

Will winced as he heard the voice behind him. He turned to see Jack Crawford stood with his boss, Paul Krendler. Will couldn’t stand the alpha, and immediately scalded himself for the thought, given that it was likely part of his perceived attitude problem.

“Jack, Paul, nice to see you.” Will’s tone wasn’t quite flat, but certainly didn’t convey that seeing the man was nice in any way whatsoever.

Will felt Hannibal’s grip tighten on his arm for a moment. It felt purposeful but Will wasn’t sure if he was being scalded or Hannibal wanted his attention in some way. But when he glanced at the omega, his expression was perfectly composed and he broke into a pleasant smile.

“Mr Krendler, a pleasure to meet you,” Hannibal said, every word sincere and attentive. “My Will has told me so much about you. He greatly admires all the hard work you’ve put into making the training programme what it is today. It’s so wonderful to finally put a face to the name.”

Will had to admit he was impressed by the fact that Hannibal didn’t sound remotely sarcastic. He was either an amazing actor or the most manipulative person Will had ever met. And in that moment he didn't mind which was true.

Krendler took Hannibal’s hand, not remotely hiding his preening at the flattery from an attractive omega as he turned Hannibal’s hand and kissed the back of it.

Will stifled a growl at the sleazy move, settling for clenching his jaw, telling himself he’d have had the same reaction had the alpha treated any omega the same.

Hannibal, however, laughed it off, drawing his hand back to slide gently from Krendler’s.

“I should warn you, Will is a very jealous alpha and I rather enjoy that about him,” Hannibal teased.

Krendler laughed and nodded, “I can see why anyone would be possessive of a lovely omega such as yourself.” There was a note of something there, and the way he looked between the two of them, that betrayed his thoughts - wondering what on earth someone like Hannibal was doing with Will Graham.

Will was only stopped from launching at the man by the light squeeze from Hannibal to his arm once more. And thankfully Jack read the situation well enough to cut Krendler off.

“Paul we really must go and talk to Price, he was looking for you earlier.” Jack diverted Krendler, giving Hannibal chance to steer Will away whilst smiling a goodbye over his shoulder.

Once they were out of earshot Hannibal clutched Will’s arm again and Will felt him huff out a breath, almost silently. Had they not been close enough that Will felt it very slightly against his cheek he might have thought he imagined it. As it was, he couldn’t help but draw a breath of his own at the sensation.

“What an insufferable fool,” Hannibal muttered only loud enough for Will to hear. Will looked at him and blinked, every trace of the sickeningly charming omega gone as he looked at Will with dark eyes. Hannibal leaned in close, whispering against Will’s ear, “It would have served him right if you’d ripped his throat out.”

Will shuddered at the words and cursed himself as his knot throbbed a little.

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“Aren’t you charming!” Kade Prurnell admired Hannibal as she smiled widely. She was a beta with a reputable taste for intelligent and attractive omegas, and Will had to admit that Hannibal was clearly both. There were murmurs of agreement from the small gathering of mostly alphas that they stood chatting with.

A necessary evil as far as Will was concerned.

They had been stood by the canapes as Kade started to discuss serial killer psychology with Will and the other alphas, only for Hannibal to chime in with a very thoughtful and educated response on the issue. It hadn’t been missed on Will that up until then Kade had been all but dismissive of Hannibal’s presence at Will’s side, clearly one of those people who gave little attention to omegas until they proved their worth. It was just the sort of traditional and misogynistic thinking that was holding the department back, in Will’s opinion.

“So kind of you to say,” Hannibal replied, charm oozing from him. Will had to admit that it had his heart beating faster to witness. The way the omega handled people, so skilled and professional in a way Will was lacking. But also with an underlying sense of threat that only Will seemed to sense.

“Hannibal really is quite the charmer,” Will agreed, locking eyes with the omega, both as a challenge and really meaning to make a compliment.

Hannibal’s responding smirk was barely there for a moment, a microexpression that passed over his face for only Will to see.

Hannibal turned back to Kade, clearly taking Will’s encouragement. “I found that when I first began consulting with the FBI as a psychiatrist, that the fundamental misunderstanding of true psychopathy hindered the investigation. Of course, I was hard pushed to blame the agents, whose training in the area had been clearly lacking.” Hannibal continued to voice his opinion in a way that was so pleasant that it seemed to take Kade a moment to realise that it

was criticism. And the politeness with which it was delivered made it impossible to respond negatively without seeming like an asshole.

Her face turned red, and she flustered a few words before excusing herself. The small group broke up and Will turned to Hannibal, unable to hide his grin.

Will could kiss the man.

He bit at his lower lip and studied the omega in front of him, realising that was exactly what he wanted to do.

Will let out a slow breath and stepped forward to close the space between them, sliding his arm around Hannibal's waist and leaning in to quietly ask, "Are you enjoying my company as much as I'm enjoying yours?"

When Will pulled back, the soft and yet somehow sharp smile on Hannibal's face made his feelings evident.

He couldn't even say who leaned in first, but it didn't matter as their lips pressed gently together.

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"Your office?" Hannibal asked as Will fumbled outside the door with his keys, incredibly grateful that the event was being held at one of the Quantico buildings.

"Yeah," Will breathed out the word as he got his key in the lock, finally, and pushed the door open.

He turned to flip the light switch but found himself unable to as his arms were filled with an eager omega.

"Fuck," Will muttered as Hannibal practically attacked his neck, nipping and sucking at the tender flesh of his scent glands until Will was harder than he was sure he'd ever been before in his life. There was nothing he could do but moan as he felt the omega push his own hardness against him until they were practically rutting.

In truth, Will would have continued and come in his pants had Hannibal not moved his mouth up to Will's ear, sucked in his lobe and then muttered, "Knot me, Will."

It wasn't a question but not a command either. Just an acknowledgement of something that needed to happen between them, that they both clearly wanted, perhaps even from the moment Hannibal had walked through his door.

"Fuck," Will said again, this time almost a whine.

He didn't miss Hannibal's chortle, or the sweet smirk he wore as he pulled back and started to undo Will's belt.

Will let out a low moan and let his head fall back, panting as Hannibal roughly tugged open his trousers and pulled his cock out with no preamble at all.

Hannibal let out an approving hum as took Will in hand and fondled him a moment before stroking him firmly.

Will was panting and leaking precome as Hannibal leaned in and muttered, “Can you smell how wet I am for you?”

Will groaned and pulled Hannibal back to him, kissing him deeply as Hannibal continued to wank him, taking a moment to squeeze Will’s growing knot.

Hannibal broke the kiss to growl against Will’s lips, “Desk.”

Will groaned again, all the more for the loss of the omega as Hannibal strolled over to his desk and looked over it. Will’s cock throbbed and bobbed until his own hand replaced Hannibal’s and he stroked slowly as he watch Hannibal delicately move a few items aside before sweeping everything to one end of the desk. One of the larger piles of papers spilled onto the floor but Will couldn’t bring himself to care as he strode to Hannibal and pressed up behind him, rutting his cock in the seat of Hannibal’s pants, where they were already slightly damp.

"Please alpha…" The same tone as before, not begging but not demanding either. It was exactly the measure of response Will was coming to expect from this omega and couldn't deny that it was one that suited him well.

Will pressed tight against Hannibal, forcing him against the desk before reaching around and undoing the omega's trousers. He shucked them down without allowing much more room between them, until they were down to Hannibal's thighs and Will was rutting against his naked flesh, the scent of slick making Will moan.

Will was practically thrusting between his thighs when Hannibal let out a growl and spread his legs as much as the restriction of his trousers would allow. He lowered himself completely over the desk to raise his ass as much as possible.

Will took hold of his own cock with a groan and began to rub it over Hannibal's hot, slick entrance.

They both moaned as Will sank easily into Hannibal's wet heat, bottoming out down to his rapidly swelling knot.

As Will's hips started to move he felt Hannibal brace and push back, meeting each thrust until he was the one setting the pace, which Will gladly obliged. A few minutes later Will was working hard to pound into Hannibal in a way the omega was guiding. Each grunt, moan or soft sigh a reward to the alpha.

"Aren't I being a good little omega for you, Will? Just the kind your colleagues expect?" Hannibal panted the words, the tone between a tease and a taunt, making Will growl in response and his knot throb.

Will made a quick and warming realisation. Hannibal was completely in charge here whilst creating an illusion that in fact Will was. The thought hit him the moment he realised it was all he'd ever wanted from sex. To be pushed without becoming pliant. The perfect partnership for him.

"Yeah," Will breathed out the word, unable to say more as he was lost to the sensation of his knot teasing at Hannibal's waiting sex.

Hannibal let out a chuckle, one of amusement and enjoyment, not the sharp edges from before.

The clenching it caused around his cock was enough to make Will's hips jut forward, slamming his knot into Hannibal with a groan. He felt it lock in place, and a moment later the omega come untouched all over his desk. Just the thought of it had Will coming deep, in long slow pulses. His balls were tight and emptying everything they had into this perfect omega.

He collapsed over Hannibal's back, sweating in his layers and looking forward to taking the omega home and getting naked in order to do this all over again. In the meantime he was satisfied to keep pumping come into the slowly swelling omega, and trying not to think about the mess of his desk.

That could wait until Monday.

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Will woke wrapped around a gently snoring body. He wasn't even sure quite how they'd managed to entwine themselves and how he would extricate himself. But he needed to as the bathroom called to him, even though he was loath to leave this situation.

After his office, neither of them had been in any sort of state to go back and say their goodbyes and Will hoped it didn't count against him, but looking at Hannibal naked next to him it was hard to have any regrets.

Maybe the computer had it right. Ignoring the wealth and pomp, they both had passion and drive. They had a unique sass that complimented the other. And in the bedroom (or office)? Will wasn't sure he'd ever had such great sex before in his life.

Hannibal Lecter might just be perfect for him.

He couldn't help but nuzzle into the omega's neck and tighten his arms around him until Hannibal was purring. If it wasn't for his full bladder, he'd have taken it further, but instead Will pulled himself away to the bathroom, hoping that Hannibal would be awake and waiting for him when he returned.

After cleaning up, Will started back into the bedroom, surprised to hear Hannibal talking and wondering with no little panic whether the omega had another engagement lined up.

"Hello? Yes this is he," Hannibal spoke politely as Will entered the room to see Hannibal had answered his cell phone. "Why, thank you, yes it was a pleasure to meet you as well. Yes, I'm

sure we'll see plenty of each other in the future. Absolutely, I had a wonderful time." Hannibal's eyes, and his smirk, shot to Will as he said this. "Will? He's right here, just one moment."

Hannibal handed over the phone with a smirk that annoyed the shit out of Will and made his dick a little hard at the same time. Something that he wondered whether he should be worried about considering how much it sent a little thrill through him.

"Hello?" Will responded into the phone as Hannibal cocked a brow at him. Will took a seat on the bed and Hannibal moved to press against his side. Snuggling up, or so Will thought.

"Will, what a pleasure it was to meet your lovely omega last night. He really is a credit to you." Krendler blustered.

Will realised Hannibal had pressed his ear as close as possible and had stifled a snort at the words.

"Thank you, yes he's quite… singular." Will agreed.

Hannibal seemed to as well because he let out a little hum of agreement and then ran his hand over Will's naked thigh.

"I didn't mean to disturb your weekend Will, but I wanted to just let you know that we're discussing the promotion again first thing Monday, and I plan on supporting you as the ideal candidate. And I don't think I'll be alone." Krendler seemed pleased with himself.

"Oh, great! Thank you." Will just managed to not let his tone rise at the end as Hannibal's fingers ghosted over his boxer shorts, finding his rapidly hardening cock.

"Between you and me Will, I think you can tell that omega of yours that his alpha is the new Training Coordinator." Krendler intimated. "Well, I've taken enough of your time. Don't go hiding that omega away now!"

Krendler hung up before Will could reply, which was probably for the best because Hannibal was pushing him back onto the bed and straddling him.

"My successful alpha." Hannibal purred against his lips.

Will grinned and took hold of Hannibal's hips, "You know, technically our contract ended like, twelve hours ago."

"Hmm," Hannibal hummed his pleasure as he nipped at Will's mouth, "I'm open to negotiations."

Will took Hannibal's mouth with a growl and rolled them, pinning the omega to the bed, "Good. Because I think I want to keep you a little longer."

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